
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

For Christmas Gifts don't fail to visit

Buck's Store

A New Line that will surprise you

Buck's Cash Hardware

LEADER IN LOW PRICES

The Tribune.
HENDRICKS & CO., Publishers.
 Advertisements to appear in THE TRIBUNE must be in before Tuesday noon to insure their appearance in the issue of that week.
 Plymouth, Ind., December 12, 1901.

LOCAL NEWS

Robert Jeffery has gone to Fort Wayne.

Charley Wickey has returned from Chicago.

Will Murphy is the father of a fine baby boy.

Miss Mary McKague went to Chicago Saturday.

Mrs. Blanchard went to Culver to visit friends.

Miss Emma Switzer left Saturday for Etna Green.

Charles Lawrence became the father of a baby boy Friday.

Mrs. Wolf has gone to Culver after visiting Mrs. John Bender.

Miss Bertha Stocken has gone to Culver to visit her mother.

Mrs. Edith Carpenter returned from a week's visit at South Bend.

WANTED—Girl to do general housework. Call at this office. dwf

Mr. and Mrs. James Gilmore entertained their friends at cards Friday evening.

Miss Helen Crick of Culver was here to spend Sunday with Miss Ada Holtorf.

Billie Shock had two fingers smashed at the Independent office Friday afternoon.

Mrs. L. B. Hamer and Mrs. L. Plummer are here visiting their sister, Mrs. Lamson.

Mrs. George Starr is here from Detroit visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. VanAnden.

Miss Cora Layman left for her home at Argos after visiting Mrs. Herb Bryan and family.

Mrs. James M. Heminger of West township who has been sick for three months is no better.

Mrs. Lucy McAllen returned to her home in Tiosa after visiting her son, Peter McAllen.

Arthur Starr, of Sewickley, Pa., spent Sunday with his old chums at the Marble house.

Mr. Leopold Becker was here from Chicago to spend Sunday with his brother, Mose Becker.

Lewis M. Roosevelt and Florence Miller, of the Panama neighborhood, were licensed to marry Friday.

The body of Annie Kime was removed today from the cemetery at Donaldson to South Bend.

Mrs. Arthur Britton left for her home in North Dakota after visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Deagle.

The rush of divorce cases for the next term of court has already commenced, there being already four suits filed.

Mrs. Simon Trish left for her home in Cincinnati after visiting her brother, Stephen Borden, for about three weeks.

Five condemnation suits brought by the C. & M. railway in Fulton county have been brought here on change of venue.

Mary Leaman, of Argos, has petitioned the court to change her name to Lock, by which she was known before her recent divorce.

A man over at Westville laughed so heartily the other day that he tore the inner membranes loose from his ribs and is now confined to his home in great pain.

WOOD FOR SALE—Delivered as ordered. Plymouth Novelty Mfg. Company, telephone 128. Cash paid for logs and bolts; bass wood, oak, elm, beech, poplar, etc. 4814 814

The Converse Call has suspended publication, and the plant removed to

Fowlerton, where Editor Cal. Singer formerly of Bremen, will begin the publication of a new weekly, to be called the Index.

Ed Taylor went to Walkerton to visit friends.

Will Borlor has returned to his home in Tyner.

Mrs. M. Parker has returned to her home at Culver.

Mrs. Samuel Boygs and baby have returned to Argos.

Mrs. L. E. Bell has returned to her home in South Bend.

Sadie Lambert left for Logansport Friday to visit friends.

Emma Victor has gone to Valparaiso to visit friends.

Miss Mabel Blair will visit relatives at Argos for a few days.

Minnie Puncer left Friday for her home in South Bend.

Sheep-killing dogs are annoying Green township farmers.

Mrs. Hoffman returned to her home in Culver after a visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Delt left Friday for their home in Dakota.

Mr. Anderson from Buffalo, formerly of Plymouth, is visiting here.

Mrs. Daisy Schilt will spend a few days at Argos visiting relatives.

Miss Lou Borton, of Bourbon, is visiting the family of Dr. Borton.

Conrad Bergman has returned from a short visit with his sons at Peru.

Mrs. F. W. Gallup went to Chicago after visiting her brother, J. S. Ness.

Hattie Kuhn and her sister, Princes, have gone to Culver on a short visit.

Mrs. Humbert and daughter, Bertha, have returned to their home in West township.

Tippecanoe is soon to have a new cigar factory, Keck Bros. being the proprietors.

Mrs. L. A. Sloan left for Bourbon Friday having visited her sister, Mrs. Vanactor.

Mrs. C. Hanes and her mother, Mrs. Brooks, have gone to Culver after a visit in Plymouth.

Dr. Brown left Friday for Greencastle, where he will attend the funeral of his mother.

Mrs. T. Richter, after visiting friends in this city, has returned to her home in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sellers have returned to their home at Logansport after visiting Mr. Hogarth.

Charles Disher returned Friday from Chicago, where he has been attending the great national horse show.

The Healy drain on Washington street was completed Friday evening by Otis Mikels, the contractor.

Mr. and Mrs. Salem Bussert have returned from near Rochester, where they have been attending the bedside of the former's sister.

Plymouth merchants are prepared for a better holiday trade than they have ever enjoyed before. Our advertising columns show where to go.

Members of the Presbyterian Sunday school interested in the Christmas exercises of the school, will meet at the church Saturday (tomorrow) promptly at 2 o'clock. All interested in the singing are especially urged to be present.

Attorney-General Taylor holds that express companies are, under the law, required to deliver packages to any point within the corporate limits of any town to which they are consigned. This holding is based on an act of the legislature.

W. C. Fricke, a nephew of the great iron and steel magnate, bought an automobile the other day, and knowing the dangers of the vehicle he at the same time bought a handsome coffin which he will carry with him on his journeys.

The Argos Reflector in its current issue publishes an excellent report of the proceedings of the Marshall County Teachers' association at its recent meeting in that town. We had made arrangements to get a complete report

but circumstances interfered. The next meeting will be held at Plymouth.

J. A. Shunk of Peru, was in the city over Sunday.

Misses Alice and Frances Stack left for Wabash Saturday.

Luther Helpman was here from Chicago for a Sunday visit.

Miss Emma Galagher has returned home from South Bend.

Miss Rose McKague from Chicago is home visiting relatives.

Miss Kate Fink, of Argos, is visiting friends at Columbia City.

Miss Mabel Tobias left for her home in South Bend after visiting friends.

Clarence Willieson and Nellie C. Grube were licensed Saturday to be married.

Mrs. Mary Loch and children went to Lakeville after visiting her son, Chas. Fruits.

Doctor Burkett, who has been in Tennessee about three weeks, has returned home.

Indianapolis papers report that W. H. Conger's nomination for postmaster at Plymouth was sent to the senate Friday. Mr. Conger was appointed in the spring of 1897.

Union Gospel Meetings.

The interest and enthusiasm shown in the revival services is becoming more and more widespread. The audiences are taking a more active part in those parts of the service in which they may participate.

Rev. Ostrom's talk to the aged appealed to the heart strongly, perhaps the most of all the sermons he has delivered in this city. During the first part of the service, Mr. Ostrom read the twenty-third psalm, and commented upon each verse. He revealed new and beautiful thoughts which this much quoted psalm contains. The sermon of the morning, however, was taken from the second chapter of St. Luke. Mr. Ostrom showed with what deference and honor God held old age, and what a great compliment he paid to age when he had Christ first presented in the temple to Simeon and Anna—both of whom were very old. The evangelist said that at no other time of one's life is one's influence for good or evil so powerful as in old age; giving as proof instances of the conversions of some of the most prominent Christian men of today, their conversions being due to the prayers or example of some aged person.

The subject of Thursday's afternoon service was, "Man's duty toward converting his fellowmen." Mr. Ostrom said there could be no doubt but that it was man's business whether or not his neighbor was at peace with God—that when man was confident that God called him to help his unsaved brother, there should be no faltering or hesitation.

At the evening service, reading from the text, "For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death." The evangelist pictured the two lives—the one consumed by a selfish, worldly sorrow; the other by the noble, Christ-like sorrow. He also developed the thought that a man seeking repentance need not grovel further in the dust nor enter the valley, but should rise higher and higher to meet his Savior and receive his blessing.

The revival services of Friday afternoon and evening were the most appealing and impressive of the services of the entire week.

The afternoon's address was a powerful appeal for man to accept the fuller life which Jesus Christ brought into the world. Rev. Ostrom showed the difference in the meaning of the word "life" as Christ used it, from any meanings hitherto given to this word. Many church members belong to a class "just alive"—neither feeling the benefits of such a religion for themselves nor for others. But this is not the kind of a Christian the Savior meant for man to be. Man has only to make himself passive and submissive to God's will and the "fuller life" of Christ will come to him, in great abundance and all-sufficiency.

The auditorium of the Methodist church was filled with mostly young people in the evening, who listened to Rev. Ostrom's address on "What do I live for?" The evangelist said that although he has put this question to many people, the answer he usually receives is, "I really do not know what I am living for."

Mr. Ostrom compares this aimless kind of a life to a ship sailing from port but whose captain has not decided what her route or course, or to which country she will go. The evangelist said that often a man lived for unworthy things as appetite, clothing ease or influence. While the world was trying all kinds of experiments to find what was worth living for, Christ came to earth and brought to light Truth and Life, the most sublime end for which man can live. Rev. Ostrom concluded his address with an earnest appeal for all to live for Christ.

Health and Beauty.

Poor complexion is usually the result of torpid liver or irregularity of the bowels. Dr. Little's Early Risener stimulates the liver, promotes regular action of the bowels, never distresses. J. W. HESS.

IF WE WERE BOYS AGAIN.

Another Talk to the Old Men That Will Carry Them Back to Their Boyhood Days.

W. H. Liggett in the Whitley County News.

See here you old men! Week before last we left that boy we had been talking about at school at about fifteen years old, the worst time in the world for a boy to be neglected. I thought for a while we'd not have anything more to say about him or to do with him, almost concluded to let him get sick and die or let somebody else raise him from fifteen on up to twenty-one, but I can't, we have brought him along so far and he don't seem to have any friends who will look after him, so we must worry along with him, for a while yet, anyway. There are few places open for a boy of fifteen. He is awkward and green, usually, I was anyway, and his feet and hands are several sizes too large for him and are in the way. His clothes don't fit, and his nose is freckled and turns up too at the end and he still "sniffs." He is between two trying positions. He is too big to cry and tell mother all his troubles and trials, and he is not old enough nor big enough to bear them alone. He usually feels friendless, alone and misunderstood. He is at the "parting of the ways" a friendly word and a goodly share of sympathy just at this time will shape his future life. If he falls into unsympathetic and wicked hands, he goes astray and mother and father wonder what has gotten over "Willie" that he seeks such doubtful company, and is not interested in his work nor school anymore.

He develops a fondness for very questionable reading about this time and on Sundays he and Tom Smith are often found in the hay mow reading "The Boy Detective, or How Johnny Jones Rescued Susie Smith from the Bandit's Cave." He don't go to Sunday School anymore, Sunday School literature is nowhere, when compared to the kind he can buy at any book store for a nickel. He will get the nickel by selling a few extra eggs, maybe.

Sometimes the boy is made bad by another mistaken method. At the age we are now talking about, a boy is awkward and uncomfortable. Often not very well dressed, not possibly thought to be necessary that he should be—he is bashful and very susceptible to ridicule—to be compelled to go to church and Sunday School in his home-made clothes is a misery and he rebels.

He is scolded and forced to go whether he wants to do so or not, and he gets disgusted and resolves to never go another time after he is of age, and don't, except to funerals. Possibly he does go to church and listens to the good brothers tell how good they are and what firm resolves to remain so they have made. Then some time after he trades the long legged, rowdy suit his father gave him to one of the deacons and gets the worst of it in the trade by several points. He gets suspicious then of the whole business at once, and thinks one old hypocrite is a sample of the whole congregation, always excepting mother.

But this boy we were talking about week before last, the boy you and I were, the life we would live over again up to the age of fifteen, we will return to him, he is different, he just lives and takes things as they come. I believe I was talking about him as though I was the boy myself, just to save time and avoid being too personal you know, and not hurt your feelings by telling things maybe you didn't do. I don't want to hurt any old friend's feeling by anything I may say, you all know that. As a boy again I'd be as I was then a careless, free, ragged, freckled, red necked, shock-haired boy, of course, I'd have to be if I lived my life over. I'd go to school three months in the year, and plow corn and pull weeds and hoe cabbage in the summer the same as I had been doing ever since I was big enough. And when the circus came to Martinsville ten miles from our house, I'd walk to the show with only a quartern to get into the tent with and I'd do without dinner and red lemonade and candy, because I hadn't a cent to buy them with and no one "gave me to eat." At night I'd walk to Uncle "Jims" to stay with the boys all night and next day I'd walk home and for weeks I'd think and dream of the "star spangled" beauty, who rode in the ring and kissed her hand so gracefully to-to-the audience who cheered her when she jumped through the hoops covered with paper. And the jokes the clown got off, did you ever hear anything funnier? Don't you remember you old fellows, for some of you were at the circus too, how you sat on the fence afterwards instead of hoeing potatoes and reviewed the whole show, from the time you came in sight of the big white tent until the end of the performance? And honestly don't you feel a thrill yet when you think of the beautiful girl who rode the big sleek white horse in the ring? Don't you half believe your admiration for her is what caused you to be more

observant of the girls you had gone to school with but had scarcely thought of before? Don't you remember the next winter at school how you were more careful about your clothes and kept your face and hands cleaner and hair combed better than the year before, and how you felt a warm glow about your heart one day when Mary Jane, a brown eyed, rosy cheeked girl asked you to "do a sum" for her?

From that moment the world took on a different look, and meaning. Mary Jane became the most charming name on earth, and as the days went by the honest, sincere, blissful feeling grew and intensified, until sleep brought only dreams of bliss. Don't you remember one day what a thrill went through you when you but touched her hand? If there is anything purer than a boy's first sincere admiration for his Mary Jane or Sarah Ann I don't know what it is. The first time you asked her if you could see her home from spelling school—do you mind that now? And she gave a half frightened yes, and you, I did too, walked out of the door of the old log school house by her side and ran the gauntlet of the boys ranged on each side the door.

Why couldn't we have died then and been happy forever more? Bliss, well, I should say, I'd be willing to live my boyhood over again for the sake of this one occasion if nothing else, and so would you. And the next summer the church and Sunday school she attended—what an attractive place to you. When the fall came and apple cuttings were abroad in the land, and you had some better clothes to wear than you used to have and your courage was gaining ground too—do you mind one Sunday evening, when you walked home with her and ventured to go in and sit down in the sitting room, and you heard her father come into the kitchen and ask Mary Jane's mother who was in the sitting room with "Moll?" You, that is, I wasn't very pretty then, with my sun burnt hands and face, and big feet, but Mary Jane was, and I don't suppose I'll ever see her like again if I live to be as old as Methuselah which I have no hopes of doing at all. You stayed for supper, that is I did, and the blissful misery of that meal will stay with me until I forget it. How I burnt my mouth with the hot coffee, and dropped my knife, and choked on a bread crumb and coughed and sputtered until I was purple in the face, and said "yesmam" to Mary Jane's father and "yes sir" to Mary Jane's mother and quit when half done and tramped on the cat as I got up from the table, all this was part of the programme and I'd go through it again if I could.

I don't believe one of you old men married your first Mary Jane, or Sarah Ann. My recollection is she got huffy about something you did and gave you the mitten, and married the ugliest specimen she could find, just to spite you, and lived happy ever after as the novels all say, but you nor I will never forget her, as she was then. She is big and fat and gray headed now, and so are we, and ugly too perhaps, if not very fat. But if we could live it all over again, it would simply be a repetition of the days and incidents gone by, and we'd only remember the best of them afterward as we do now.

Linkville Items.

Dan Penrod who has been working in Iowa the past two years is home on a visit at this place.

The A. O. O. Gleaners will have a box social in their hall at this place on Friday evening Dec. 13. Every one come.

Andrew Thayer came very near having a costly fire caused by the chimney of his residence burning out. It set fire to the ceiling where the stove pipe went through before it reached the chimney.

Jessie Miller has built an addition to his barn and recovered the building with a slate roof.

Word received from Wm. Scofield who is at Indianapolis reports him as getting along nicely.

Geo. Eckert intends having one more auction sale for this season which will be Saturday of this week.

Rural Mail Business.

The country postal carriers handled a greatly increased business in November as shown by the following report for this year and last, the figures including the number of pieces delivered and collected by each carrier:

	1901	1900
No. 1 Nov.	4,730	3,776
No. 2 Nov.	3,789	2,308
No. 3 Nov.	4,371	1,238
Total	12,890	7,422

It isn't the Cook's Fault, It isn't your Grocer's Fault,

that the bulk coffee you just purchased turns out to be different from the "same kind" bought before. Coffee purchased in bulk is sure to vary.

The sealed package in which LION COFFEE is sold insures uniform flavor and strength. It also keeps the coffee fresh and insures absolute purity.



SOAP DIGNITY.

IT IS easy to find a pure soap; it is easy to find a cheap one. The problem is to find both combined; a soap that is pure yet inexpensive. Ivory Soap is the best solution of that problem. It is an original product, evolved after years of experiment and research. It is the most of pure soap for the least money. It stands approved to-day by a second generation of Ivory Soap users.

THE NEW INDUSTRY

Plans and Outlook of the Sandoval Concern Coming to Plymouth.

The Sandoval Manufacturing company which has bought the Novelty plant and intends removing to this city has been making a line of roller cutters and has a high reputation in the agricultural implement trade. S. A. Ingersoll, who is at the head of the company, is a man of large experience in the implement business. He has secured valuable patents on several kinds of agricultural machinery and in order to add these to the output it is necessary to enlarge the works very materially. Sandoval is a small town in Marion county, Illinois, with a population of less than a thousand and with very limited railroad facilities, at a considerable distance from Chicago. These difficulties are removed by the change of location.

The deeds and abstracts for the Novelty property are in course of preparation and there appears to be nothing in the way of successful consummation of the present plans. It all goes well our prediction of a few days ago that the deserted factory will be occupied within sixty days will be verified. Mr. Ingersoll and another member of the company who were here were well pleased with the city and its railway facilities and said the plant suited them exactly and could readily be made suitable for their purposes. The buildings will be put in perfect repair and equipped with new machinery.

Cures dizzy spells, tired feeling, stomach, kidney and liver troubles. Keeps you well all summer. Rocky Mountain Tea taken this month. 35c. J. W. Hess.

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THE UNIVERSAL ENTERTAINER.

Affords endless amusement and delight. If you have one in your home you can entertain your family and friends with the very latest popular music.

SONGS, MARCHES, FUNNY STORIES.

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REPEATS THEM ALL. Its repertoire is without limit.

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